



VINNIE PAZ x TRAGEDY KHADAFI

# CAMOUFLAGE REGIME

PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

# Bloody Jungle by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah

Pistolero Pazzzy and all that

Stu Ferrigno

Yeah

Look, aight, one-two

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]:

Bumbaclot, you could die out here

This a different set of rules we abide by here

Them yoppas is always out, we do drive-bys here

Y'all are hippies, Vinnie don't allow tie-dye here

This the book of Exodus, it's Mount Sinai here

You get punched in the fucking face for looking side-eyed here

No hablo inglés, pardner, we play salsa here

I got shooters that took a charge they like ta-ta here

Chop his fucking head, cock it back for the click-clack

Stray shots hit 'em in the abdomen the six pack

The 40. Cal bullets size smaller than a tic-tac

Beretta 84 Cheetah hit em like a Chit sack

The Taurus jammed too much, pa, so I can't bother

The Nighthawk blammin', it touch you like Bambaattaa

How many more of y'all gon' be catching the fate?

And everybody mad looking at the mess that I made

Stupid!

[Chorus: Tragedy Khadafi]

Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket

Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet

You need to get back inside the closet

'Fore we unleash the rockets, c'mon, stop it

Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket

Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet

You need to get back inside the closet

'Fore we unleash the rockets c'mon stop it

[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]

Don't have me push a button flyin' all type of kites

Deprive you of oxygen, deprive you of life  
Slugs flyin' out of nines inside your windpipes  
This the difference between survivin' and living life  
Stop the barkin' before I make the gun bite  
My faculty's in order, underworld supporter  
Sodom Gomorrah, sodomize mics for four quarters  
Get it the hustle, hustle to get it that's off the muscle  
Queue the apocalypse, the iron jungle  
A hundred miles runnin' N\*\*\*as Wit' Attitude'll gun you  
Look what it come to, set it out when the god come through  
Tranquilo or humble, more dope than a bundle  
War tactics, artifacts, it's all actual  
Khadaf no gay, Khadaf no play, Khadaf the  
Black Caesar you sweeter than Stevie J  
(You sweeter than Stevie J)  
[Chorus: Vinnie Paz and Tragedy Khadafi]  
Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket  
Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet  
You need to get back inside the closet  
'Fore we unleash the rockets, c'mon, stop it  
Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket  
Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet  
You need to get back inside the closet  
'Fore we unleash the rockets c'mon stop it  
[Outro]  
(C'mon stop it)  
(C'mon stop it)  
Stop

# Canaan's Bracelet by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Canaan's Bracelet

[Intro]

9 Millimeter (Point 8)

A 38 revolver it really hurts

I had 6 of them in me It hurts real bad

(Real Bad)

That's why right now I issue then receivin' I ships it

Guys don't fight anymore

(They don't do what we do)

They used to fight but they don't do that anymore

Guns, all about shootin'

(Takin' em' out)

When it comes to the homefront (right) that's when we use them

(Yes) and when he comes shootin' us we go back and shoot him

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Pistol grip pump on my lap it's armed robbery

My ahki did 3 in the feds like he Ron Isley

You wanna go gun for gun, then come party

And if this gon' be a jihad then bomb wisely

Batiman, homie you the walking definition

Allah know I'd rather ask for forgiveness than permission

I'm on my square, ain't no one can knock me out position

This ain't a rhyme, ahki, this a fucking demolition

I'm from Philly homie, everywhere is gunfire

Glock .40 cripple you, I'm out before the blood dry

Every living thing grow from a seed

And these bullets got your name on 'em, I hope you can read

See this semi-auto ugly but it definitely jam

So it's 2 revolvers on me like Yosemite Sam

Camouflage Regime, what the fuck you expect?

I ain't asking homie just give me my fucking respect

Toma!

[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]

5-star [?] elite Akhbar

Lines harder than penitentiary bars just to beat the odds  
Splash you in bodily parts, your arm is getting scarred  
Young gun, I been a don, no rapper can hold 'em on  
Any track on impact I spit my whole gorilla on  
Do more than just kill a song  
Physically i murder the track 'til the beats soul is gone  
Intense heat inside of my lines hot as a sun core  
Look what I'm ridin' for  
Basically was born to score, boss you should honor more  
Just a diamond in force clappin' your whole squadron off  
Yeah whack rappers were crossed  
Makhti never endorsed  
I just pay to knock 'em off, and enforcin' the holocaust  
[?] inside the booth tossin' molotovs  
Black Mikhail Gorbachev, the hood Hyman Roth  
Narcotic lines are raw, watch how I just get 'em off  
If I stepped away the whole rap game be at a total loss

[Verse 3: Iron Sheikh]

They say the Iron Sheikh hotter than hell but the soul thirsty  
The game over you could hang it up like the old derbys  
Blow purpy hoes curvy like Nicole Murphy  
The chrome hurky, but the clip long like old slurpys  
Flow murky hoes slurp me on this gold journey  
My heroine is medicine, who goin' cold turkey?  
You'll die alone and buy and moan eating firestones  
I supply the bros who supply the bros  
I buy the clothes for the flyest hoes, that's a lot of dough  
I supply the bros who supply the bros  
That's a lot of dope  
I gotta go  
Pina colada flows Prada coats  
Custom made Gabbana boats with a lotta dope  
No tears dripping for beer sippers  
Ancient prayer scriptures  
Gucci flare zippers with weird slippers  
[?]

[Verse 4: Agallah]

On Allah, that's my word we ain't taking no L's  
Let off the 5th, after that I'ma pick up the shells

One of my verses get the whole team out on bail  
Another verse put the Colombian up on the scale  
Put the hammer to the nail I am just setting the sail  
Make me do time but nah man my mind won't fail  
Coach to this lifestyle, you gotta follow the grail  
Sloppy with your gun work I see you leaving a trail  
Paz, Tragedy and Agallah helluva combo  
Mafia snipe n\*\*\*as, no Sammy Gravano  
Gambino shit n\*\*\*a, it's mano e mano  
Multiple gunshot wounds like Paul Castellano  
Yeah, 'cause my n\*\*\*as, they wanna kill, kill, kill  
I try and tell them n\*\*\*as chill, chill, chill  
N\*\*\*as thirsty, they wanna see the blood all spill  
You a vampire n\*\*\*a, you should sharpen your grill  
Caste you in a 3D printer man we like Gomorrah  
I can tell a killer by his looks and his aura  
Le Coq Sprotif, catch me in some Diadorras  
Stand my ground like the whole state of Florida  
What

# A Warrior's Fate by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

Yeah, yo

But no one said that, yo

But no one said that, yeah

[Chorus]

It's the power, man, power of attraction

Elevatin', add on, ain't no subtraction

Yeah, make motion, this that raw action

Time to dub all the lames and put all the facts in

It's the power, man, power of attraction

Elevatin', add on, ain't no subtraction

Yeah, make motion, this that raw action

Time to dub all the lames and put all the facts in

[Verse 1: Tragedy Khadafi]

Yo, Ayatollah optics, government-issued missiles under the Masjed

You know Khadaf is the most lethargic, not the average homo sapien

He's too amazing in the art of rap

Due to the fact that's what they made in him

Top of the food chain, he got that grade-A in him

Salute 'em or shoot 'em, praise 'em or spray 'em

That's why a lotta n\*\*\*as hate him but few got the heart to play him

Bridge signers, Bridge boys be the illest rhymers

Nothing above 'em, gotta love 'em, cowards get behind 'em

Radiant glow so you know you can never outshine 'em

Khadafi and Vinnie Paz is more G than the Masonic lodge is

Synagogues and demi-gods, shooters and riders

I close my eyes with dollar signs stay under my eyelids

Certified most live is the opposite of mine is legendary and timeless

Salute 'em and pay homage

(Pay homage, pay homage)

(Salute 'em and pay homage)

[Chorus]

It's the power, man, power of attraction

Elevatin', add on, ain't no subtraction

Yeah, make motion, this that raw action

Time to dub all the lames and put all the facts in  
It's the power, man, power of attraction  
Elevatin', add on, ain't no subtraction  
Yeah, make motion, this that raw action  
Time to dub all the lames and put all the facts in

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I ain't sweatin' y'all, homie, y'all ain't nothing to sweat  
It only take one shot, pa, Russian Roulette  
If you feelin' froggy, muhfucka double the bet  
This a M-27 and the muzzle is wet  
Here's a couple racks for you, I could cover your debt  
And I play with fire, homie, it's no struggle to sweat  
I got angels looking over me, it's bundles of wet  
I got two yappas on me and they sung a duet  
How this bummy motherfucker think he started a war?  
That's just funny, money, I ain't never saw it before  
It's wolves here, ahki, you should never leave your food around  
Vinnie a gorilla and the jungle is my proven ground  
Real G's keep they money in a rubber band  
Mask off, coming through the window like I'm Bruh-Man  
It's a gun brawl, homey, it's a blicky invitation  
And you don't want smoke, that's a sticky situation

[Chorus]

It's the power, man, power of attraction  
Elevatin', add on, ain't no subtraction  
Yeah, make motion, this that raw action  
Time to dub all the lames and put all the facts in  
It's the power, man, power of attraction  
Elevatin', add on, ain't no subtraction  
Yeah, make motion, this that raw action  
Time to dub all the lames and put all the facts in

[Outro]

It's the power, man  
Time to dub all the lames and put all the facts in



# JummaH Rituals by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

"Woe unto them that speak to do evil. Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil. Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes"

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Degrees ain't for everybody, messages encrypted  
It's full metal jacket, it just dead'ed his existence  
It's opps everywhere, I'm just trying to keep a distance  
Inshallah, I won't be met with any resistance  
We are waiting on janazah akh, its coming this millennia  
This weaponry is heavenly, its coming outta Chechnya  
Declare war on the kafir  
It's universal movement and I saw it at the Ka'bah  
Sunnah of the prophet, akhi, that's divine rule  
The scowl on my face, like a '89 Cube  
Talking out the side of your face will get your fuckin' wife dragged  
There's over 600 pounds of goma in the rice bag  
Golden door Ka'bah and it's covered by the Kiswah  
God created all, word to mother, that's a mitzvah  
Bullet hit the chest, this is shots of Patron  
It's written in black and white, pa, Stockton - Malone

[Chorus]

Peasants and the kings, movers and the shakers  
Players and the haters, bitcoins or the paper  
Scope with the laser, minor or the majors  
We the most gracious, we the innovators  
Peasants and the kings, movers and the shakers  
Players and the haters, bitcoins or the paper  
Scope with the laser, minor or the majors  
We the most gracious, basically, the innovators

[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]

Yeah, yo, yo, hey, yo Illmatic, I been roped  
Found makhi, I been dope  
High dose of bubblegum kush mixed with indo  
Stock kikko, 'fore I spit your whole shit, though  
I'm a sniper, spit harder than any lifer

I'm a Maybach RV, you just a Chrysler, huh  
Mob cigar shit, need 16 bars to leave that deposit  
Tragic, spit acid, your flesh get dissolved with uniform garments  
Murderers and the harlots, clip asselter, squeezing harder all on my targets  
Ground fire like Godzilla in satans varmint  
I'ma killer, but blow slugs and I'ma dodge it  
C'est la vie, in and out of these I'm getting carsick  
Basically under both of my armpits, I'm armed with  
Something that a jewish rabii would say is islamic  
I spit juraissic cadavars colossally rollick right in the blood  
So, y'all feeling my shit scarlet, mad my grammar  
Spit hotter than any lava is  
Diabolical don boss they get involved with  
Part of me give regards for more room to breathe hardly  
Yeah, God blessed me with everything I need, so move graciously  
More roar than any 1/8th a key, that's why you hatin' me  
Insecure, basically  
Queens, home of double-L, flyer on acapell

[Chorus]

Peasants and the kings, movers and the shakers  
Players and the haters, bitcoins or the paper  
Scope with the laser, minor or the majors  
We the most gracious, we the innovators  
Peasants and the kings, movers and the shakers  
Players and the haters, bitcoin or the paper  
Scope with the laser, minor or the majors  
We the most gracious, basically, the innovators

# Fibre Optic Weapons by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Cinema Dialogue Snippet]

Is this true? You refuse to worship my statue?

O' King! We do not need to defend ourselves before you in this matter

Oh, really? Then you shall be thrown into the furnace and no god will save you from my hand

If we are thrown into the blazing furnace, our God will defend us from it, and if he does not, we want you to know, O' King, that we will not serve your God, or worship your statue

Enough! You dare to defy me? Let the furnace be heated sevenfold! Bind them and cast them into the fire

[Verse 1: Tragedy Khadafi]

Yo, yo, yo, I ain't gotta get on my knees, Mahdi is too gracious

Tracking devices in the bag, I ain't gotta chase it

Anti-everything, except green, I'm a racist

Levels to the game and all type of wild stages

Scarred up inside the booth, you embrace my rages

Connected with Vinnie and pass me a bag of lasers

Innovative, fire lines like all my food is cajun

Headshots take 'em out, so we do more than graze 'em

Lines like it came from the mind of Wes Craven

Product of struggle and pain, basically what it gave 'em

Something you could only find inside the deepest pavement

Like God or Satan, made the most foulest arrangement

Still banging and still reporting, look how he lay 'em

Forever right for the course, the boss, look how he lay 'em

[Chorus]

I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore, it's hardcore

I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore, it's hardcore

I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore, it's hardcore

I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore, for the B-boys, kid

[Verse 2: ILL BILL]

We seen the presidents in black robes and pointy hoods

Up to no good, worshipin' burnin' owls in the woods

Worshipin' burning towers as they stood to collapse

In front of the world and the cloud of burning bodies to soot

Age of vengeance, this is essence of death

Exorcist, smite the devil in majestic bliss

Global conquest, effortless

I gave him 10 bitcoins for 11 bricks, I'm forever slick  
My mind spray, shootout with the CIA, jump through Stargate  
Ubers like Luger in a William Cooper stupid supercoven  
Shoot-your-mother cult  
Leader-of-four-hundred cult  
Bloody killers that are hungry, dysfunction, destruction  
Grab Uzi, aim, shoot, insta-Beirut, attract a grapefruit  
She wanna rock a chain to stay true  
But they shot the windows out where your kids live  
Eat shit and die, your new name is "shit list"

[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]

A goof do goofy shit, and homie you a sucka  
The yappa had him sleepin' in his whip like he a trucker  
Adherence to the Sunnah and his word is word to mother  
Police could talk to you and get a name, 'cause you a sucka  
If you wanna get some [?], get a pound from the plug  
I was nothin', homie, then I got it out of the mud  
Listen, the Sig Sauer make his family tremor  
Dressed in all black like somebody lost a family member  
He look for God but he gonna find the devil  
But God find his vessel, water find its level  
It's goons here, they was plotting robberies out  
And the semi big, it'll take your arteries out  
Homie was OG and did a bit in Walla Walla  
It's never mask off, it's only a balaclava  
I got 13's, they will pick up the deuce  
It's a G-36 and it's big as a moose

[Chorus]

I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore, it's hardcore  
I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore, it's hardcore  
I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore, it's hardcore  
I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore

# Nocturnal Militia by Vinnie Paz

[Chorus: Tragedy Khadafi]

Hit 'em

Yo, yo

Situation hella lit, yeah, that's how we on it

For my G's and MC's under the earth, dormant

For those restin', we still reppin', holdin' the strongest

Yo, life is too precious for you to ever let go

One day we all gon' meet, but not just yet, though

Life is too precious for you to ever let go

One day we all gon' meet, but not just yet, though

But, not just yet, though

[Verse 1: Tragedy Khadafi]

Khadaf is around for now, I'm a highly advanced life-form

Unexplainable brain pattern, immortal icon

Fuck it, really, my mind's gone, hard to define what I'm on

[?], militia, guerrilla, ready to rival

Predatorial rap aura, what I spit is the Torah

Apocalyptic, twisted, supreme prime aura

Salute a boss maneuver, embrace various suitors

Holdin' llamas and dark personas

Squeezin' on Rugers

Revolution minds inside of a lost [?]

Felonious capers, currency with demonic faces

Monetarily chasin' paper until we gracious

Manufactured in America, that's where they made us

Black zombies, mentally dead, still a God be

Remaining calmly in hell's fire, movin' Islamly

Sole controller in my own soul, that's where you found me

Salute my OG's and visionaries that try to align me

[Chorus: Tragedy Khadafi]

Hit 'em

Yo, yo

Situation hella lit, yeah, that's how we on it

For my G's and MC's under the earth, dormant

For those restin', we still reppin', holdin' the strongest

Yo, life is too precious for you to ever let go

One day we all gon' meet, but not just yet, though  
Life is too precious for you to ever let go  
One day we all gon' meet, but not just yet, though  
But, not just yet, though

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Huh, yeah, these is dum-dums  
They the type of bullets that expanded on you  
Guns is in the narco position like they was planted on me  
I ont ask for nothing, I take it, I just demand it, homie  
And, I didn't buy this golden goose, [?] it landed on me  
You lose a homie and a part of you die  
And there's coke in this DeLorean, it's Marty McFly  
Who the plug? You the plug if you got the supply  
You my son, be a humble son, father is I  
This akh think he got the drop on me  
He didn't know I got the mop on me  
The G27, that's a chrome Glock  
Anybody spit my name, that'll get your dome popped  
He ain't seein' me if I see the bull first  
This young bull dyin', that's a premature birth  
I will eat from motherfuckers 'til their soul is erased  
I don't discriminate, motherfucker, nobody's safe  
Toma

[Chorus: Tragedy Khadafi]

Hit 'em  
Yo, yo  
Situation hella lit, yeah, that's how we on it  
For my G's and MC's under the earth, dormant  
For those restin', we still reppin', holdin' the strongest  
Yo, life is too precious for you to ever let go  
One day we all gon' meet, but not just yet, though  
Life is too precious for you to ever let go  
One day we all gon' meet, but not just yet, though  
But, not just yet, though

# The Most Gracious by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

The Most Gracious

[Verse 1: Tragedy Khadafi]

The God bars, opposite of Aleister Crowley  
Black Saudis with a nuclear warhead inside an Audi  
Predatin' the birth of humanity, that's where my style be  
Generic, demonic, weak women, they don't arouse me  
Exhale in the best bars, hard as a match, y'all  
Arab Nazi [?] Kuwait death squad  
Verbally insane, invadin' your mind frame  
I sauté wack rappers, tryna merge in my lane  
Homicidal quotes on a ride but with a higher dose  
[?] like an assassin, black ops, I'm a ghost

[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]

Lines written in hieroglyphs, that's way beyond your vision  
Lebanon Don, liason [?] truer livin'  
Trample over n\*\*\*as like a stampede of wild rhinos  
A rap terrorist, splinter cell with assault rifles  
Shatter your rib cage, bang rappers like [?]  
Life is a cycle, fuck it, might be the most trifle  
Militias squeezin' clips [?] on my rivals  
Y'all been afraid, most invisible renegades  
Can't infiltrate any circle, the God, innovate, but wait...  
Yeah yo

Artifacts, chasin' the bag is where my heart is at  
Immortal rap titans inside the wild habitat  
Do it to death and when we done y'all can have it back  
Salute the generals, y'all better check the stats

[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]

This muthafucka puttin' trash on the scale  
I'm a OG, still sick, hash in the mail  
Lost my mind and I started smokin' hash or [?]  
You don't want your stash shaken then stash it in Hell  
It's a .357 B, this gun no joke  
I throw bullets at you money, you don't want no smoke

He ain't listenin', when you don't listen son get poked  
I should've let this muthafucka die and hung that rope  
Listen money, you do not want brawl  
And if you do it's gon' get ugly [?]  
I'm a silverback gorilla in a Kongo [?]  
In the [?] providence, the [?]  
I be around the Israelites but I'm not Moses  
My concentration crazy, I kill 'em with osmosis  
This choppa been waitin' forever to blow  
I'm with goons, only takin' it wherever they go, battyman  
Camouflage regime

[Outro: Tragedy Khadafi]

Artifacts, chasin' the bag is where my heart is at  
Immortal rap titans inside the wild habitat  
Do it to death and when we done y'all can have it back  
Salute the generals, y'all better check the stats  
Artifacts, chasin' the bag is where my heart is at  
Immortal rap titans inside the wild habitat  
Do it to death and when we done y'all can have it back  
Salute the generals, y'all better check the stats



# Thought Machine by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Thought Machine

[Intro:]

Cry out when the pain is greatest

No Hittite warrior cries out in pain

There?

Yes

It's as I fear Lord commander, your skull must be opened and the evil removed with a knife

Is this an Egyptian plot?

To murder our commander at a time where...

At a time when you're planning war on Egypt?

It was you that brought me here from Babylon my lords, I take no interest in your plans, I have no country.

Egypt least of all

[Tragedy Khadafi Verse 1:]

Messiah mind, flyer wise [?] reading higher signs

Lobotomise, we rack guys my style minimise

Sublime with a killer strut, modern day King Tut

For all those chasing the bag and choose to live it up

What, hah, give it up In the streets feeding us

In this world you either make motion or your life is stuck

Born inside the crack era, y'all not as deep as us

Youngins that embrace guns and darkness when the evil touch

Yeah, form a deeper lust

No one you can seem to trust

Cold hearts, playing their part slugs through evil stuff

Yeah but I ain't got all the answers

It's a salute when you were dancing

Life is a high-stake gamble that I learned to take a chance with

[?] features on my pivot, emperor stances

Khadaf rhyme is highly impeccable advanced with

Dodgin' government drones, hiding my face from cameras

Salute the fans and supporters who learn to always stand us

[Tragedy Khadafi: Chorus:]

Nocturnal scope on the mic, flamin' we start heat

Harder artistry in the booth so pardon me

Upper echelon making it hard for y'all to sleep  
Eat it like God [?] be  
Harder artistry for the streets  
Nocturnal scope on the mic, flamin' we start heat  
Harder artistry in the booth so pardon me  
Upper echelon making it hard for y'all to sleep  
Eat it like God [?] be  
Harder artistry for the streets

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

How this dumb motherfucker try say that he God  
He light work for me just another day on the job  
And them eight-trey gangstas gonna say he a slob  
And these guns symbolise God, day that he die  
It's lights out pussy whenever the savage bang  
Six hours spin his fucking body like a baggage claim  
It's all big pistols on me, nothing on me light  
And the silencer is looking like a muffler on a bike  
If we ride then the only one that's living is I  
And it's bodies everywhere like I live in a chai  
I'm really living life homie you just living to die  
And my hitters have you whimperin' and visitin' Jah  
In other words we just looking to kill  
I extended the invitation so I'm footing the bill  
His heart beatin' fast comin' out of his chest  
And it's more than bars pa cos it's how you finesse  
Battiman

[Tragedy Khadafi: Chorus:]

Nocturnal scope on the mic, flamin' we start heat  
Harder artistry in the booth so pardon me  
Upper echelon making it hard for y'all to sleep  
Eat it like God [?] be  
Harder artistry for the streets  
Nocturnal scope on the mic, flamin' we start heat  
Harder artistry in the booth so pardon me  
Upper echelon making it hard for y'all to sleep  
Eat it like God [?] be  
Harder artistry for the streets

# Persian Legacy by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

"Usually it starts by, you know, crossing out mostly you know  
One neighborhood will put their writing on the wall, and then, you know  
We come in right next to it, or cross em out, and they will cross us back out  
And then it gets into, umm you know  
Maybe a fist fight, then maybe guys gets knifed behind it. And then shooting  
And then someone dies, and they might wanna get back at us, if they do get back at us  
We go down and might kill two of them, then they will come back and maybe get one of us  
And we will go back and get two or three more  
It just goes on and on, it don't stop"

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

This is slang warfare akhi, I don't got the time for that  
This Charter Arms 5 shots spin 'em like a laundromat  
Tony Rome wop shit, rocking the fedora hat  
Its bloody money, bloody bodies, homie this is horror rap  
The block full of Gestapo, its hotter than Honolulu  
We military minded, and we ridin' like Shaka Zulu  
Its African tradition, so you have to honor Jushu  
And black Tibetan magic, just another kind of voodoo  
Camouflage regime, we maneuver through militias  
A man do the heavy lifting, bitches do the dishes  
How is you a shooter, when you shoot 'em and it misses?  
This Mossberg burn 'em and it doing it to bridges  
The gun connoisseur, the philosopher of iron shit  
Never sleepin', watching everything like it's a firestick  
Your talking real crazy for someone with no blicky  
And I ain't even know that the shooter was old fifty

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz, Tragedy Khadafi]

I tip-toe everywhere that I go  
Lay a motherfucker out I swear on my soul  
Fuck around and run your mouth and catch a hot one  
Infra-red beams, gas mask and a shotgun  
I tip-toe everywhere that I go  
Lay a motherfucker swear on my soul  
Fuck around and run your mouth and catch a hot one  
Infra-red beams, gas mask and a shotgun

[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]

Yeah, offspring of the Juice Crew, that's part of my essence  
Makhi was legend before I even rapped on a record  
Apocalyptic apostle, see, I was born to rep it  
I craft mathematical lessons inside a message  
Sublime prime masterminds inside wide Benzes  
Circling their blocks, a killers in the crack vengeance  
Saw all my warriors still breathing, the saga's endless  
Imagine they'll breathe, they'll birth me and piss on my passion  
Manufactured and fire ghetto messiah blacksmith  
So nice would it been a curse just to live my life with  
Salems Lot to hells fire, the streets source to righteous  
Evaded federal cases, Supreme Court indictments  
For those locked in The Beacon, and trapped on Rikers Island  
Hold your crown in that cell, and seek for more enlightenment  
Let my lines be the strength and power you need to fight with  
All relies on your energy, go hard and ignite

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz, Tragedy Khadafi]

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